

The Hackettian

Containing "the oldest
Burying Ground in New Jersey"

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* The writer evidently did not know
about the old Yellow Meeting House
near Red Valley, N. J.

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THE HACKETTSTONIAN.

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BURNS, WORDSWORTH, KEATS, SHELLEY.

READING one poem, or even several of a great author, characteristic though they may be, cannot give an adequate conception of his genius. This is attained only when we have perused the bulk of his writings and become acquainted with his life. The conception once formed, however, we can return to the tiniest poem and see exemplified there, more or less distinctly, many of the qualities that we have discovered to be identical with its author. It is by this method that the following comparison of four great poets is based on one nature poem selected from the writings of each. All born during the last half of the eighteenth century, within a few years of each other, Burns, Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats illustrate to a marked degree the then recent emancipation from the school of Pope; all are deep lovers of nature, though each in a peculiar way, to use Carlyle's phrase, stood apart in a world of his own. To distinguish them as nature poets, Wordsworth loved nature in its entirety; Burns, in its humanity; Shelley, in its mystery; Keats, in its beauty.

Wordsworth, then, is the one that is most likely to have characteristics in common with each of the others, and is the best to discuss first. His poem, "To the Cuckoo," is the one that we shall examine. The first line of the second stanza gives the situation, "While I am lying on the grass." Knowing as we do the poet's fondness for being in the midst of nature, getting a glimpse at one time of his accustomed orchard-seat, at another of his walks about Rydal Water, this single clause brings him

before us lying there and drinking in all of nature around him. The note of the cuckoo comes to his ear and his heart is filled with rejoicing—rejoicing that comes not only from the beauty of the sound which would have led Keats to revel in it and to dilate on its charms, but which Wordsworth merely touches on as

“Thy twofold shout
From hill to hill it seems to pass
At once far off and near.”

It is not a rejoicing full of misgivings like Shelley's, nor is there a stifled sob in it like Burns's. It is a healthy rejoicing. He appreciates the beauty objectively, but more than that delights in it subjectively, for it carries him back to his school-boy days, and again he lives through the enjoyment that the cuckoo's note used to bring him then. This is but a suggestion of a pleasure that Wordsworth so often gives expression to in his poems, that is, the ability to have mental representations of a pleasure once experienced, and then under similar circumstances, to experience it again, changed in some respects, but often heightened by the addition of the recollections associated with it. The lines

“O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird ?
Or but a wandering voice ?”

bear a similarity to Shelley's

“Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert.”

Both express appreciation of the intangible power in a bird's song. In the words, “that cry which made me look a thousand ways, in bush and tree and sky,” we see a reference to the beginnings of that close examination of nature by means of which Wordsworth was enabled later to describe her charms so exactly. The closing stanza also is characteristic:

“O blessed bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial fairy place
That is fit home for thee.”

The song of the bird does not rouse in him any vain longings, such as Keats and Shelley are wont to indulge in, but the earth seems to him actually transformed to a more ideal world. It is this quality, no doubt, that causes Wordsworth's poetry to give that feeling of rest which is so evident, and which has been so much discussed. He rarely expresses idle wishes, but through each new delight finds the world thereafter made more enjoyable.

Wordsworth and Burns bear a resemblance to each other in that both treat of the humble things in nature; both are subjective; both derive a real comfort from nature. But even in these resemblances they are very unlike. Wordsworth rejoices in the most unattractive bit of nature because it is nature; while Burns takes delight in it because it is simple, unappreciated as he is. Wordsworth is objective quite as truly as subjective, while only the latter term applies to Burns. Wordsworth derives from nature a comfort that simply brings additional happiness to one already happy. Burns derives a comfort that is his very life.

It is not easy to see similarities between this Scottish bard and his English contemporaries. His dialect individualizes him to an extent, but apart from this he is quite isolated. One of the most exquisite of his nature poems is that entitled "To a Mountain Daisy." "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," is a charming picture of the little blossom, yet the adjectives are largely subjective in meaning; "wee," "modest," show its humble rank, "crimson-tipped" its beauty notwithstanding.

"Could blew the bitter, biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm."

This expresses a theme on which Burns has often written in his happy moments—the pleasures of the poor and humble in spite of their unfavorable circumstances.

The next stanza describes the showy garden flowers as protected by woods and walls, while the daisy adorns a bare open field, "unseen, alone." The last two words are peculiarly pathetic, for in them the poet seems to identify himself with the little flower. The occasional objective touches found are dainty and expressive as in the description of the lark:

" Wee speckl'd breast
When upward springing blithe to greet
The purpling east."

or of the daisy:

" There in thy scanty mantle clad
Thy snowie bosom sunward spread."

The whole poem being a lament that the poet has crushed the poor little daisy with his plow, is a fine exemplification of his love of nature for its humanity. In a way nature does not speak to Burns as deeply as she does to Wordsworth, Keats or Shelley. She does not reveal to him her secrets, her charms, as to the others; she is just a symbol to him. He could not delight in the daisy as Wordsworth does in the daffodils, or Keats in the sound of the grasshopper and the cricket. The whole poem is based on that favorite theme of Burns—the cruel fate of the humble through the oppression of the great, and disheartening circumstances in general. He does not leave us to draw this lesson from the fate of the daisy, but closes the poem with a reference to the artless mind, the simple bard, to every worthy sufferer, to him even who is mourning for the daisy—the same ruin awaits them all. Both he and Wordsworth refer often to themselves, both moralize while Shelley and Keats rarely do either. This little poem does not fail to show that characteristic of Burns which has so impressed Carlyle—his sincerity. There are no studied effects, no affected sentiments; it is true to him as a man and as a poet. The poor, the afflicted, delight in Burns' poetry. No doubt there seems little comfort in

this poem to the mountain daisy, but the very picture of the down trodden flower brings sympathy if not hope, while there is a ray of hope in the line: "Till wrenched in ev'ry stay but Heav'n." We go for rest to Wordsworth, but it is in Burns that we seek sympathy.

Shelly has revealed much of his nature in the little poem entitled "To Night." It is an expression of his longing for the spirit of night to come, a longing that has arisen with the dawn. He bids her come,

"Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear."

From this one stanza we can learn that Shelly delights in the mysteries of nature, that he revels in hidden things, that he is both dreamer and philosopher.

"Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought,"

suggests another characteristic of the poet. He takes up thoughts, questions which lie in the gray light of intangibility, but which he so studs with bright stars that until we reach the end we feel as though darkness will become light. Shelley is never misty where others would be clear, it is only that he sheds rays on subjects that usually lie in the black night of impenetrability. He sees farther into the relation of things than do any of the other poets with whom we are comparing him, and on this account is aware of more perplexities. The same simile of a "mantle gray," "star-inwrought," may be applied also to his poetic style and the structure of his sentences. In his longer poems there are often involved sentences, but they are replete with thoughts that hurry on as swift as shooting stars. This poem under discussion well represents his remarkable swiftness in which he is surpassed by no one; no word seems unnecessary, every thought is lightly touched and then left for another. Like flashing stars he works in his bright bits of coloring and his striking metaphors. A

good example of the latter, and one of which Shelly seemed especially fond, is seen in

“Blind with thine hair the eyes of day.”

In the last stanza notice that the poet seeks not for death that will put an end to his questionings, either by answering them or by destroying consciousness; he seeks not sleep, which will give temporary rest; he is anxious only for night when he can look on mystery. Burns' and Shelley's poetry contains a marked element of sadness. In Shelley it is a vague melancholy, a sighing, an impatience at waiting; in Burns it is a very real suffering, an impatience in enduring. Without bringing himself into his poems as do Wordsworth and Burns, Shelley is very subjective. Wordsworth's poems are pictures of material things with their corresponding pictures in the mind, but Shelley's show the strivings of the mind after great truths. In constructive imagination he ranks far above the other three, in his imagery he is quite as wonderful as Keats, though his fancy is not so abounding. Shelley in exact contrast to Wordsworth is all unrest; he can inspire but never comfort; can lead but never support. Burns' descriptions are the most natural in their simplicity, Wordsworth's the truest in detail, Shelley's the most telling through a due subordination of parts, and a study of lights and shadows.

We come now to Keats, who is the most luxuriant in his descriptions. His "Ode to Autumn," presenting a picture of the most luxuriant season of the year, displays well his power in this direction. Keats is objective in a sense that none of those previously discussed are. He loves beauty in nature for beauty's sake and looks for nothing more in it. He is wholly a poet, and when he writes poetry he is not obliged to draw from it a lesson for himself or others, or to tell of the nature of his feelings. He cannot cease long enough from feeling the beauty of nature to tell what those feelings are. He

can simply show to others nature objectively, help them to experience feelings somewhat like his own, and to interpret them as best they can. In this poem as in many, the beauty of the scene fairly runs away with him. He sees autumn conspiring with the sun to load the vines with fruit, fill the apple-trees that surround the cottage which he notices is covered with moss, to ripen all the fruit, swell the ground, plump the hazel shells, set budding later flowers—and these to be for the bees :

“ Until they think warm days will never cease :

For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.”

He cannot allow a single item of beauty to pass unnoticed. The two lines quoted illustrate his habit of lading an already involved sentence, by adding on subordinate clauses to clauses in themselves dependent. It may be that we thus sometimes lose the thought, but the charm of his language and his fancy is never gone. His choice of words is exquisite ; his metaphors, his comparisons are always beautiful. “Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind,” is perfect in its melody and sentiment. The last stanza reminds one of the “grasshopper and cricket,” particularly of the line “The poetry of the earth is never dead.” Truly never to Keats, whose every sense was open to catch the slightest suggestion of poetry. As his eye has been sensitive to the beautiful sights of autumn, so now his ear enjoys its sweet music. The songs of spring need not be missed, for the gnats, the river swallows, the lambs, the crickets are making melody while,

“ The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft

And gathering swallows twitter in the skies ”

While every new delight that Wordsworth experienced made his life thereafter happier, with Keats it seems different, as though he were exuberantly happy, while his senses were being charmed, but that the inner picture of them brought only longings for the return of the material originals.

Keats is appreciated when the mind is too tired to

think, and enjoys giving itself up in abandonment to feeling. Shelley should be read when the intellect is alert seeking for inspiration. Wordsworth is the poet for one weary of life and discontented with its philosophy. Burns is the comforter when we feel neglected or unappreciated and is our teacher in sympathy.

L. G. T.

ONE GOLD DOCTRINE.

You may laud the fair white silver—
 To the stars exalt Will J ;
 You may flaunt the Silver Doctrine
 Till the clocks do cease for aye.

But as long as gold of Ophar—
 Curse or joy to young and old—
 Lies enshrined in hearts full many,
 Give me naught but rich red gold !

State my reasons ? They are simple ;
 Sound as ever gold will be ;
 And, in all good faith and candor,
 Comprehensive quite for me.

For, in gazing, rapt and blissful,
 Into Marcia's sparkling een,
 I behold a flash of sunshine—
 Love's gold arrows not more keen.

And those ringlets—golden, wavy—
 Crowning head of queenly mould—
 Would you ask more potent reason ?
 Marcia's worth her weight in gold !

"A NINETY-SEVENITE."

AMUSING BLUNDERS.

"To step aside is human."

DR. Campbell unwittingly humbugged a number of professional and non-professional men by his book *Hermippus Redivius*, in which he set forth the theory that perfect health was insured by inhaling *the breath of young women*. A physician who had himself written a book on hygiene immediately took lodgings in a young ladies' boarding school, "that he might never be without a constant supply of the breath of young ladies." This book was well calculated to gull the public, but in point of fact was written in irony. Campbell himself acknowledged that he merely desired to surpass Bayle, who had recently written a book. One author went so far as to write learned notes to Campbell's book. Campbell was a veritable mine of uncommon information. He advanced other striking theories in his book.

More's Utopia caused a tremendous sensation. Utopia, described as an island Republic where strife and all wear and tear was unknown, was taken to be a reality by the learned Budaeus. He even considered it expedient to send missionaries to convert the inhabitants to Christianity !

In one of Pope's notes to *Measure for Measure* he says the play was derived from "Cynthia's Novels," Dec. 8, Nov. 5. (Decade 8, Novel 5). Warburton, in his edition of Shakespeare, spelled out the abbreviations, making them—"December 8, November 5."

A French writer of the old school inserted in his work on Natural History, Edgeworth's *Essay on Irish Bulls*.

"When I was a young man," Dr. Johnson once said, "I translated Addison's Latin poem on the battle of the

Pygmies and the Cranes, and must plead guilty to the following couplet:

‘Down from the guardian boughs the nests they flung,
And killed the yet unanimated young.’

And yet I trust I am no blockhead. I afterwards changed the word *killed* into *crushed*.”

Arvine discovered an odd misquotation in Dr. Johnson’s famous lexicon. In definition 13 of the verb “to sit” he says, “Asses are ye that sit in judgement,” (Judges v, 10), which should be, “speak, ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgement and walk by the way.”

In Goldsmith’s *History of England* no mention is made either of the London fire or of the great plague, and in a popular geography of fifty years ago the name *Switzerland* is not once mentioned.

Godwin, who wrote a life of Chatham, called in many friends for anecdotes of the great orator. A Mr. Fawcett contributed this quotation from one of his speeches:

“Every man’s home is called his castle. Why? Because it is surrounded by a moat, or defended by a wall? No. It may be a straw-built hut; the wind may whistle about it—the rain may enter it—but the king cannot.”

When Fawcett read the printed work, here is what met his eye:

“Every man’s house is called his castle. Why? Because it is surrounded by a moat, or defended by a wall? No—it may be a straw-built hut; the rain may enter it—all the winds of heaven may whistle about it, *but the king cannot*.”

General Moreau deserted Napoleon and was killed in Germany, fighting against his former commander. When Moreau was in Boston he was lionized considerably and was invited to attend the Harvard Commencement exercises. A popular ode was sung by the undergraduates, the chorus of which was “To-morrow, to-

morrow, to-morrow." Moreau took it to be "To Moreau, to Moreau, to Moreau," and each time "to-morrow" was pronounced, he gracefully bowed, holding his laced chapeau to his heart.

WHAT MAKES SO BAD A MAN AS FALSTAFF SO INTERESTING?

THIS representative character of Shakespeare is of such a complex nature and presents such a variety of qualities that it is exceedingly difficult of analysis. It is hard to say in terms satisfactory to every one just why Falstaff, although so bad, was yet so interesting.

It is impossible for one having rigid ideas of morality even to countenance the actions of a man who is foolish in his talk and inclined to sensuality. There are characters, however, who indulge in sensuality, who seemingly never utter an earnest or a sensible word, whom, they who are most Puritanically rigid in their judgment of men's acts, while perhaps not openly praising or publicly countenancing, yet find no reason to condemn, and, keeping aloof, marvel at such a paradox and smile at their mirth and foolishness. Such was the character, Falstaff.

A "tun of man," pot-bellied, a face wearing an almost continual smile, Falstaff appears to us as a good-natured, mirthful and unvengeful man who was ready to crack a joke, even at his own expense, or indulge in all sorts of wickedness, entering into each enterprise with all the vigor of his monstrous frame. He could readily adapt himself to circumstances and never appeared embarrassed, or out of place. His agile mind was always ready to satisfactorily adjust itself to any new difficulty, and he sometimes seemed to plunge into an apparently inextricable position in order that he might exhibit his wonderfully active brain in clearly extricating himself.

In the account of the meeting in the tavern after Falstaff and his companions had been set upon by Prince Hal and Poins, Falstaff by cunning persistence leads on to the accounts of his part of the contest. He unhesitatingly asserts, "three mis-begotten knaves in Kendal Green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand," and, when twitted about this inconsistency, ingeniously parries the attack by resorting to another trick. It is also reasonable to suppose that he knew who had attacked his company of robbers and desired to furnish merriment for his companions by appearing in as ludicrous a light as possible and by resorting to tricks to cover up his cowardice.

In the mock examination of Prince Hal, his wit, ingenuity and alertness of mind are again manifested. His request for a cup of sack to make his eyes look red, his reference to the hostess, as queen, and his desiring her not to weep, are sallies of wit only equalled by his ingenuity in neatly turning the affair into a ridiculous compliment to himself. His alertness of mind serves him well when Prince Hal takes the part of examiner and attempts to disparage Falstaff. Even in the midst of battles and danger his wit and cunning do not desert him. Avoiding injury and perhaps death by feigning death, while lying on the ground his brain is at work to contrive some means to redeem himself and win honor. This results in his claiming to have killed Hotspur, and he uses such logic that his astounded auditors are seemingly convinced of his sincerity. His audacity and ingenuity are well manifested here; he praises himself and disparages not the prince.

Falstaff was an old man in years. Foolishness and immorality in old men when mingled with no redeeming qualities are despicable. Only a man of experience could be so sensual as Falstaff was, but along with his wickedness there had been gained that wisdom and good

sense which are characteristic of men of experience. Even if there were no evidence in his speech that he possessed this wisdom, it might be inferred from the intimacy of Prince Hal with him. In the midst of sallies of wit and nonsense he says that as pitch defiles, so does the company we keep. When called to duty, he readily responds, but cannot resist his fondness for the ludicrous, even in the enrolling of his soldiers. On the battle-field he indulges in a soliloquy in which are mingled wit and good sense begotten of experience.

Falstaff attracts because in his complexity of character he possesses qualities which are so varied and antagonistic that, as a paradox, he invites our admiration; possessing the ability of a wit, he arouses our appreciation of merriment; exhibiting alertness of mind and sound common sense, he invites our respect as a genius and as a man from whom we can obtain food for reflection and instruction for better living.

THE OLDEST BURYING GROUND IN NEW JERSEY.

AT the corner of Main and Scotland streets, in Orange, New Jersey, lies the parish burial place of the old Mountain Society of the Oranges. Noisy children swarm about the outlying streets, and the omnipresent trolley, seemingly "hurtling through space," grates discordantly upon the ear. A beautiful old wall lifts the high bank above the main street, with rows of picturesque old grave stones, festooned with ivy, fronting it. The side of the ground lying next Scotland Street presents an unsightly bank, broken in one place by a root-grown path, which brings one to the proper level. Anyone respecting the repose of the dead, any patriotic lover of those who fought and died in the war of Independence, will be shocked by the appearance of this

historic graveyard, whose very air is redolent with tradition.

The writer found one handsome slab broken into a dozen fragments and scattered in as many places, evidently the work of that species of vandal which chipped off Hawthorne's tomb-stone and cut down the Shaksperian mulberry-tree. A large number of noble trees throw a grateful shade over the brown freestone slabs, often forced out of their upright position by the gradual growth of a hemlock or maple. Where a glint of sunlight strikes the stone, a most exquisite blending of grays and rose maroons and moss greens is produced, reminding one of the color shadings of Cypriote glass.

The lower branches of the trees are lopped off; many of the trunks are charred from fires kindled against them. Rank weeds and poison ivy all but obscure some of the slabs, though there is something touching in the sight of the vines clinging firmly to the deep cut letters of the inscriptions. Many of the old stones are overturned or broken, while heaps of rubbish meet the eye. One of the oldest stones was smeared with mud, evidently left by childish hands. Chickens run at will over the leveled graves.

But all this neglect is forgotten, once the eye rests on the epitaphs, inscribed in that quaint old lettering which of late appears in so many *fin de siècle* publications. The slabs are almost invariably of the same shape—brown, thin, and somehow reminding one of Gothic windows. Above many of the epitaphs are hideous cherubs with glaring eyes and wide open mouths, while a few are surmounted by grinning Death heads. In very nearly the centre of the burying ground lies the first grave with a memorial stone—that of Anthony Olef, who died March 16th, 1723, in his eighty-seventh year. For one hundred and seventy-three years this battered stone has resisted time and weather—and he who found his final resting place beneath, first saw light sixteen years after the land-

ing of the *Mayflower*. The gravestone of Nathaniel Wheeler, who is supposed to be the donor of this burying ground, and his wife, stand side by side. The dates, still legible, are 1726 and 1737.

It is a noticeable feature of the graveyard that no slabs are laid flat upon the ground over the grave, as is so often the case in old burying grounds, especially in New England. The nearest approach to this style is where the slabs are extended over four piers, forming a table. Several well-beloved ministers of the Mountain flock are laid to rest beneath these tombs. One, erected to the memory of the Rev. Caleb Smith, reads as follows:

“1764.

“This stone we erect as a monumental token of love and gratitude to our late Pastor, the Revd. Caleb Smith, who died Octr. 22d, 1762, in ye 39 yr of his age.

“Beneath this tomb the precious reliques lie
Of one too great to live but not to die
Indu'd by nature with superior parts
To swim in science & to scan the arts
To soar aloft inflam'd with sacred love
To know admire & serve the God above.
Gifted to sound the thundring law's alarm
The smiles of virtue & the gospels charms
A faithful Watchman studious to discharge
Th' important duties of his weighty charge.
To say the whole & sound the highest fame
He liv'd a Christian & he died the same
A man so useful, from his People rent,
His babes the Colleg* & the Church lament.”

We find this pastor was a notable figure in his time. His sermons were models of theological soundness. In his account-book appears the entry—“Cyder spirits, 3 gallons, 10 s. 6 d.” “Jersey lightning” was “extraordinarily rapid,” then, in the middle of the eighteenth century! There is also record of the buying of a slave and her child in 1761.

“March 31, 1761, Credt. HANNAH BAYNE, WIDW.

This day Hager and Lettice her child came to our

*Princeton.

House for whom I am to pay £70,0,0, Money at Eight Shillings pr ounce, at the end of one year from Sd.day, £70, 0 s. 0. d.

A small stone speaks not unpoetically of a youth as "dropt in the mild aurora of his days," while another large horizontal slab reminds us that

"Here Lyes the pious Remains
Of the Revd. mr. Daniel Tayler
Who was minister of the parish
Years Decr., Janry 8th, A. D. 1747-8,
In the 57th year of his age."

Scientists would most probably insert "ossified" in the place of "pious," but then, "the good oft lies interred with their bones." Tayler timed his sermons by an hour-glass, we are told, and like his successor, the Rev. Caleb Smith, possessed a most orthodox personality.

This rather grewsome inscription is a type of the prophetic variety so popular in the old burying ground:

"Thou reader of this stone
Shall quickly hither come
Death Sure will bring the Down
The Grave is thy Long home.
Perhaps you Reed & thotless turn away
But Death forbids you long from hence to stay."

A grotesque and rather mirth-provoking eulogy upon the late Mrs. Jones appears on another horizontal slab:

"Who can refuse the tributary sigh,
When dear domestic female Virtues die.
Weep Maidens here th' indulgent mistress dead
Ye Plaintive Poor your kind reliever fled.
Ye Husbands Matrons children come & mourn
The fondest Wife & Mother in her Urn
Friends Kindred Neighbours all ye grief express
And sympathetic share in JONES' deep Distress."

The following will doubtless appeal to individuals who are constantly looking for signs of genius in the American boy:

"Ye friends to embryo genius bright
In briny tears with us unite
We've lost a puerile, lovely friend
Short, fatal illness caused his end."

An additional interest is attached to this old burying ground, in that its early history is entirely lost. But one slight clue has been found. In "Carteret's Book" is this reference:

"Within the bounds of Newark, and lying on the long hill near the meeting-house at the parting of two paths, beginning at the corner of a field of Nathaniel Wheeler Senr, contents 2' 65-100 acres.

Old residents declare that this plot of ground was presented to the parish by Nathaniel Wheeler, for in those days so small a space was accounted of little value. Perhaps Wheeler had allowed a few burials to be made upon his property and afterwards decided to donate the use of the whole plot. Interments have been made very rarely of late years, though an old miser was buried in the plot but a few months ago. VINCENT V. M. BEEDE, '97.

THE SERMON OF THE LILIES.

One morning, as the sun lay gentle hands
Upon the new-born day, I drew aside
The curtains of my window, and I gazed
Upon the early freshness there. Before
Me grew the lilies tall and straight. Red was
One, the other white; both were rarely sweet.
Again at close of day my tired eyes
The lilies sought. A stately pair no longer
Did I see; on the earth the dark one lay—
The wind had snapped its slender thread of life.
The fairer lily drooped not, but as though
She knew the other's sweetness would be missed,
Gladly she breathed out sweetness for the two.

And so it often is with human lives,
When one of two is summoned from his toil,
The one that's left goes peacefully along
And in her life completes her task and his.

A DREAM OF REALITY.

IT was one of those oppressive summer days which seem to sap all one's energy and render it burdensome to do what would otherwise seem a trifle. We had been unusually busy at the office that day, and as I sat down in an easy chair to rest a moment, thoughts of my long anticipated vacation passed through my mind. Just the name *vacation* was refreshing; what would the reality be!

"Hello!" said a familiar voice; and, looking up, I saw my old friend Binks.

"I stopped in," said he, "to see if you didn't want to join me in a trip to Chester Vale. I am going to spend two weeks there with my uncle and I want you to go with me. I am sure you will have a pleasant time; the climate is bracing, the scenery delightful; and then you remember my uncle has two daughters."

Indeed I well remembered the two daughters; one in particular had made such an impression upon me at our first meeting last winter at Binks' home, that the very thought of spending two weeks in her company filled me with delight.

"How soon are you going," I asked at once.

"Next Saturday morning," answered Binks, "and I want you to promise you'll meet me at the station."

My vacation was not to be until one week later, but after a short interview with the manager, the change was satisfactorily arranged and Binks left with the understanding that I would meet him at the station Saturday morning.

It was now Tuesday, and the intervening days passed quickly in preparation for the expected trip. Saturday dawned brightly and ten o'clock found Binks and myself speeding away to Chester Vale.

We arrived in the town at three o'clock and were met by Mr. Nelson, Binks' uncle. I was disappointed with the appearance of the village, for indeed so few were the buildings that it could hardly be called a village. The station, a dingy affair, served as post-office and grocery store, as well as ticket office.

Mr. Nelson's home was three miles from the station, and as we rode out into the country the scenery was so charming that I quite forgot my first disappointment. We soon arrived at the house, which was of colonial architecture and at once impressed one with an air of ease and comfort. The cordiality with which we were received made me feel quite at home, and assured me that my visit would be a pleasant one. Miss Edith was more to my liking than her elder sister, and by Monday we were fast friends. She was an artist of rare ability, and her love of nature greatly heightened the delights of our walks through the country. On one of these occasions Miss Edith took with her a sketching pad, and was soon absorbed in outlining a pretty scene. As I stood watching her marvelous skill, I heard a crackling of underbrush, and turning suddenly about I saw the outline of a man crouching behind the thicket.

Miss Edith, noticing my apprehension, said, "Oh that is Mr. Humphrey who lives all alone here in the mountains. He is an electrician, and has made several valuable inventions. His lonely life has given him some peculiar ways, but he is very pleasant."

I noticed Miss Edith flushed slightly as she spoke, and as I turned again to look for the man, I could see nothing of him and was soon absorbed again in watching the artist at her work. We returned to the home at noon, and, much to my surprise, Mr. Humphrey was seated on

the porch. He responded cordially as Miss Edith introduced me, and yet there was something strange about his manner. He stayed to dinner, and despite my endeavors to draw him into conversation, he said but little and seemed lost in deep thought. After dinner, however, he became quite affable, and upon hearing me say I was fond of hunting, asked me join him in a trip through the mountains that afternoon. The thought pleased me, and I at once excused myself for the afternoon and started off with my newly made acquaintance.

We had tramped about with little success for nearly three hours, when I noticed a short distance ahead a sort of log hut built against the side of the hill. Upon my inquiry, Humphrey said it was his work shop, and asked if I did not want to stop and see some of his inventions. My curiosity was now aroused and I at once assented. We soon reached the door, which he opened by simply pressing a button. As we stepped within, I noticed that the walls were lined with wires. In one corner of the room was a couch, and directly opposite the door was an electrical stove. This was his living room. Directly back of this was his workroom. It had no windows, but was bright with incandescent lamps. There was still another room, which he said contained the dynamo, but this I was not permitted to see. In the center of the workroom was a crude arm chair, and at his bidding I sat down in it. Quick as a flash he pulled a switch—and I was a prisoner! The electric current was just strong enough to render me powerless.

“Aha!” he shouted, “I have you now! I did not take you hunting for nothing. No, No! I guess you will not continue your attention to Miss Edith after I have finished with you.”

With that he bound my hands and feet to the chair. Then he shut off the current, and with a hideous laugh, pointed to an iron pipe protruding from the roof.

"That," said he, "is connected with a mountain spring, and when the hour hand of that clock yonder points to six, the current will open the valve of the pipe and flood the room. I am going back to the house now, but just by way of a change, I'll give you a little more current."

As he said this, he turned to pull the switch, but his hand came in contact with a live wire and the full current passed through him. With a shriek he fell lifeless upon the floor.

What was I to do? I tried to wrench my hands free, but the straps cut my wrists and only added to my pain. Just then the clock struck six; there was a buzzing sound and suddenly the valve on the pipe snapped open and a stream of water gushed forth.

Oh, if Humphrey was alive I would plead with him to free me; but now what could I do?

The room was small and the water rose quickly. It was now already a foot deep, and as I felt it creeping up, the awfulness of the situation drove me almost mad. I shouted aloud in my agony, only to be mocked by the echo of my own voice. Still higher, higher rose the water. It was now up to my chin, but by throwing my weight on my arms, I could raise myself enough to keep my mouth above water a few minutes longer.

"Hey there!" said a voice, and, looking up, I saw the office boy laughing at my distorted face. I had fallen asleep and had been dreaming.

HERBERT H. LAHR, '99

AUTUMN MAIDS.

(A FANCY)

When Autumn tints have touched all things,
I cannot feel with him who sings
Of "melancholy days;"
For woods which now with beauty glow,
And bid defiance to the snow.
Meet our enraptured gaze.

I stand and look on far off trees,
Just rustling in November's breeze
Of 'vigorating air.
They seem a group of maidens sweet,
Tripping along with fairy feet,
Without a thought or care.

Three stand with loving arms entwined,
Their scarlet garments to the wind,
Ever a fitful prey.
Another maid in gold and green,
With sisters gay, is plainly seen,
Crowned the queen of the day.

One maid, than all the rest more sweet,
Stands where field and woodland meet,
With arms extended wide.
Her sunny locks of rippled gold
Float beautifully fold on fold,
And plainer maidens hide.

The sombre colors seem to fade;
The gaudy hues are softer made
By intervening shade,
Which, like a veil of filmy lace,
But lends enchantment to the place,
Quite lost on clearer days.

M. P. A.

THE NEW ERA FOR MEDICAL SCIENCE.

AMONG all the branches of science, there is none of more vital interest to mankind than the medical science. It affects the life of the individual and sometimes the life of the nation. Many in the common walks of life, who have a comparatively limited knowledge of physics, botany, geology and astronomy, have a practical knowledge of this subject; consequently they are ready at all times to give you an antidote for any trouble from a toothache to a broken heart. Therefore, inasmuch as the study of medicine bears so forcibly upon the progress of the race, it has led to more active research and discovery.

All nations have had their various modes of treatment; some skilful and effective, others crude and less scientific. The patriarch of ancient times, traveling from place to place, with his staff in hand, applied his God-given power of healing. The Egyptian physicians held to the customs of their predecessors, and if the patient died as the result of some new form of treatment, he was charged with murder. The heathen acknowledged those who understood the art of healing as coming from the gods. The Indian considered the medicine man as a messenger of the Great Spirit. The physicians of earlier times were recognized as men of torture rather than of healing, and they considered that bleeding the patient was a necessary remedy. Men seemed ignorant of the broad possibilities of the art they practiced; they seemed ignorant of the fact that nature contained a balm for all the aches and pains to which the human body is heir.

Even in our own age of civilization and progress, there was a time when we thought ultimate success had been reached.

With physicians having perfect knowledge of their profession, with medicine prepared from the purest and most effective drugs, with the most improved instruments with which to perform operations, it would seem indeed as if we had reached the highest pinnacle of success; but the recent discovery of the X-Rays by Professor Roentgen has thrown new light upon the subject, and opened broader fields for investigation.

The discovery of the X-Rays is unique from the fact that previously the physicians were compelled to study the course of the disease and note the effect and then prescribe a remedy. By the aid of the Roentgen rays he may study the affected part and find the seat of the disease.

This revelation proves that this world of ours contains many wonderful phenomena important to the progress of the age and the elucidation of many difficult problems of surgery, waiting to be revealed and brought into practical use.

The real importance of the X-Rays was not at first realized. They were thought to be simply a new theory of the Ultra Violet rays, the result of investigation by Hertz and Lennard. Although somewhat similar to these rays, they are proven to be an altogether different and distinct thing. The Ultra Violet rays may be changed in their course by a magnet; they are readily diffused or absorbed and they pass through thin sheets of glass and metal. The X-Rays are not influenced by the magnet, are not easily absorbed, and proceed from an entirely different point than the Ultra Violet. The important quality of the X-Rays is that of exciting fluorescence in certain substances, and they also exert an influence on photographic plates. The fluorescent substance that has been mostly used is double cyanide of platinum and

barium, which, when exposed to the rays, glows with a bright yellow light.

Wonderful progress has been made with the X-Rays since their discovery by Roentgen, and as it is still in its infancy. It is difficult to tell to what extent it will be developed. Edison, by additional experiment, has succeeded in inventing an instrument by which he may pierce the human body.

Experiments have already proven that the germs of contagious diseases can be detected and destroyed. An experiment was made in which two pigs were inoculated with diphtheria; one pig was exposed to the X-Rays for hours, and after an elapse of seventy-two hours showed no signs of diphtheria, and was just as lively as before; while the other pig died within twenty-eight hours after the injection.

A new light is dawning upon the medical world; it is the herald of glad tidings. Under its mellow glow the mysteries of surgery will be revealed and made clear; and, finally, when it shall shine forth in all its force and splendor from the laboratory, office and hospital of this and other lands, the diseases so fatal to life will pale and disappear before its superior luster.

When this glorious achievement is fully accomplished, the world will be free from a repetition of the black death that swept over Europe in 1349, carrying destruction and death in its course, wiping out towns, bringing commerce to a standstill; the doors of the shops remained closed, the grass grew up in the streets, and a mighty cry of anguish arose as the harsh rumbling of the dead-wagon wheels grated their ears, and they knew not what hour it would come to bear their dead bodies away. The cholera that visited Europe a few years ago, and which threatened to stretch its hand across the sea, the local plagues which have frequently visited our own land—all these will be a thing of the past. A new era for medical science is rapidly advancing.

If, then, by means of the X-Rays the great plagues and other contagious diseases so destructive to cities and national life are prevented from their deadly work, Prof. Roentgen will have accomplished an invaluable service for humanity.

SAMUEL JONES, '98.

A DIALOGUE.

He—

Phyllis, dark-eyed Phyllis,
If the earth should pass away
And chaos rule—
Grim chaos rule—
Ah, then what would you say,
If my firm spirit, seeking thine,
Protected thee from things destroyed,
Yet harmful, in the awful void—
Protected thee from nameless fear,
Through that great love of mine;—
Phyllis, what would you say?

She—

Ah, Goosle, Goosie Gander,
“If the earth should pass away
“And chaos rule—
“Grim chaos rule,”
What think you I would say
If your firm soul (O Vanity!)
Should meet mine fluttering lone,
And should protect me to atone
For other day's insanity?
I'd say (dear Goosie, you look so blue!)
I'd say---just what you want me to!

L. W. D.

THE HACKETTSTONIAN.

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Owing to the fact that certain of our students were annoyed by some of the jokes that appeared in the personal column of our last issue, we feel called upon to state publicly, that in no way did we intend to reflect upon either the character, or the standing of any student in the school. Our purpose, as a staff, has been to serve the best interests of the school, and hoping to offset any dryness the paper might possess, we secured, at a great sum, a *Joke Editor*. His own resources having become exhausted, and the funds of the staff also being on the ebb, he sought to secure his jokes at the expense of the students.

We fully agree with those who say he has been extravagant, and we have decreed for him the punishment which appears in the personal

column. We trust, however, that there will be sufficient sorrow and humility felt, to atone for the dryness of this number.

* * *

The political crisis is now past, and our Sound Money club is entitled to the highest praise for their efficient work in the campaign. We would not venture to assert that their endeavors have exactly decided the election, but they have certainly done much to arouse patriotism and enthusiasm among the students. While but comparatively few of our students are entitled to vote, yet as American citizens we should be deeply concerned as to the tide of events at so important a crisis. We appreciate the hearty cooperation of the administration in providing for

the rally election night, and also for the celebration of victory the following Friday. The enthusiasm on these evenings, great as it was, did not exceed the importance of its occasion; for by the triumph of the gold standard we could reasonably feel assured of a bright outlook for the nation.

* *

But let us see to it, that the energy thus expended in the campaign, shall not lessen our endeavors as students. Let us maintain the gold standard in our scholarship, as well, and be careful to utilize every minute of each hour; let the ratio be 60 to 1. As the term draws to a close, let us redouble our energies that we may feel assured of victory.

SCHOOL NOTES.

On Friday evening, Oct. 9, the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. gave a very interesting entertainment in the chapel. A reception followed, after which ice cream and cake was served in the dining room. The proceeds were for the benefit of the associations.

On Oct. 16, a number of the students attended an oyster supper given in the Methodist church. Oysters were served in every style, and the participants had a very enjoyable time.

On Friday evening, Oct. 30, a very delightful entertainment was given in the chapel by the Amphion Ladies' Quartette, assisted by Miss Carrie Louise Ray, impersonator and elocutionist. Quite a number of the friends of the Institute were present and all seemed pleased. The regular social hour followed, which was very enjoyable.

On Saturday evening, Oct. 31st, the students celebrated Hollowe'en with a Phantom Social in the ladies' gymnasium. Cards with numbers were distributed among the ladies, and a corresponding set distributed to the gentlemen. By this means the partners for the evening were chosen and the revelations at the unmasking caused not a little merriment.

A school choir, consisting of a number of the ladies and gentlemen, has been organized under the leadership of Prof. Schlieter and Miss Oliver.

Tuesday evening, Nov. 3rd, the boys all assembled in the gymnasium to hear the election returns. The Sound Money Club had made provision to have the returns sent by wire, and each item of news was greeted with a vigorous cheer. The boys retired at midnight, feeling confident that the country was safe.

The climax was reached Friday evening when the Sound Money club celebrated the victory by a parade through Hackettstown. The village band headed the procession, but for fear there might not be sufficient noise, many of the boys secured tin horns, one of which was six feet long. There was a display of fireworks before the parade left the campus, and roman candles were set off all along the line of march. After their return to the campus, a huge bonfire was kindled under the direction of Professor Cyclops, and while the Republicans danced about the blazing fire, the wrath of the Democrats melted.

PERSONALS.

In Memoriam.

JOQUE I. JESTE,

*Editor of Jokes**and**Comicalities.**Died November, 1896.*

Here lieth deep

'Neath ten foot mould

One young in years,

In sorrow, old.

Like Keats, he died

Of mallee' sting.

No deep-voiced bells

In dirges ring.

But seen—not heard

Was Joque I. Jeste.

In garn'ring jokes

From East to West,

He sought one end—

To prove to all

That weighty Pride

Must have a fall.

His gentle jokes

Were misconstrued ;

Five guilty souls

In anger rued

To drag his name

And hard-earned fame

In Scandal's slime.

In three months' time

Came calm, sweet rest

To all-but-martyred Joque I. Jeste.

No more will spi

Cy squelches fall

With sick'ning thud

Upon us all.

"Grinds"—"hits" are terms

We must not ken,

Since Joque I. Jeste's

No more with men !

Miss MacDonalds spent Sunday, Oct. 18, at her home in Pen Argyle.

Miss Lent visited her home in New Rochelle on Oct. 18.

Mr. Howard Sands spent Sunday, Oct. 25, at his home at Islip, L. I.

Miss Fowler spent Sunday, Oct. 18, at her summer home at Mt. Pocono.

Miss Crane spent Sunday, Oct. 18, with Miss Roe at her home in Augusta, New Jersey.

Miss Slack visited her home in New Brunswick Oct 18.

Mr. Guggenheim spent Sunday, Oct. 18, at his home in Bridgeport, Conn.

Miss LaBarre visited friends in New York on Oct. 18.

Mr. Dempster spent Sunday, Oct. 25, with Mr. Moore at his home in Elizabeth.

Miss Kreitler visited her home on Oct. 25.

Miss House spent Sunday, Oct. 25, with Miss Kanouse at Dover.

Miss Atkins spent Oct. 25 with friends in New York.

Miss Ditchett spent Sunday, Nov. 1, at her home in Bangor, Penn.

Miss Fowler spent a few days recently at her home in Jersey City.

Mr. Fine visited his home in Bristol, Penn., on Nov. 1.

FOOT-BALL.

The game with Easton Business College on Wednesday, Sept. 14th, was very interesting throughout. Both teams played hard and only one touchdown was made. Horn failing to kick the goal, the score was 4-0 in favor of C. C. I.

Oct. 17th was indeed a gala day in foot-ball at C. C. I. Two games had been arranged; one between the second team of Blair Hall and our second team, the other between the first teams. At 10:30 A. M. the second teams lined up. The visitors outweighed our team, but C. C. I. played with such determination that Blair Hall could do nothing with them. Four times the ball crossed the line for a touchdown, and one goal being kicked, the score was 18-0 in our favor.

The afternoon game between the first teams was the hardest struggle witnessed here this season. The teams were about evenly matched and played well. Blair Hall reached within a yard of our goal-line twice, but did not cross it, the third time they crossed it and won the game by the score 6-0.

The game with the Irving team at Brooklyn, on Oct. 24th, was well played and C. C. I. deserves much credit for holding them down to 24-0. The Irvings are a strong team; they defeated Rutgers 26-0, and played a tie game with Yale Freshmen.

The Philadelphia Dental College canceled their game with us and the manager had hard work to get a game for Oct. 31st. He finally secured the Paterson Field Club. The visitors played a skillful game and won by a score of 12-4.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Frank A. Storm, '99, has left college on account of poor health, and now has a position with a party of Civil Engineers in the Adirondack Mountains near Saranac Lake.

Mary Crary, '96, is sergeant-at-arms of the class of 1900 at the Woman's College of Baltimore.

Jacob Finger, '96, is likely to play Left End on the Syracuse 'Varsity.

Frank P. Hammond, '95, has entered the Freshman class at Syracuse University. He is an initiate of Psi Upsilon.

C. I. Taylor, '92, sings second tenor in the Princeton Glee Club.

George Mayer, '93, was elected poet of class of '97 at N. Y. U.

Mae Chapman, '95, is Vice-President of class of 1900 at Wesleyan.

R. C. Megargel, '96, is foot-ball manager of class of 1900 at Wesleyan.

R. Fred Storm, '96, is captain of the foot-ball team of Drexel Institute.

The engagement of Chas. R. Blundell, '87, and Maud Littlefield is announced.

H. D. Trinkaus, '91, is preaching at Rocky Hill, Connecticut.

G. B. MacComber, '94, is secretary-treasurer of the Sound Money Club of Wesleyan. A. G. Boynton, '95, serves on the executive committee.

H. D. Meeker, '94, has been given a trial position in the Glee Club at Wesleyan.

E. McMillen, '96, played Right-Guard on the Wesleyan team in the second half of the game between Williams and Wesleyan.

O. W. Hill, '92, graduated from Wesleyan University last June, and has since been traveling for the Fraternity Jewelers, Roehm & Son, Detroit, Mich. He visited C. C. I. on Oct. 31st.

C. Soule Bok, '94, is a Freshman at the N. Y. Law School.

C. H. Goodrick, '90, is House Surgeon in M. E. Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

W. C. O'Donnell, Jr., '88, has charge of the M. E. church at Plainfield, N. J.

Rev. Jacob F. Cooper, '97, is preaching in the M. E. church, New Bedford, Mass.

Evan Tamblyn, '93, is manager of the Glee Club at Wesleyan this year.

C. H. Teeter, '93, has made philosophical stand at Yale and is thereby a member of the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity. J. H. Lewis, '93, is also a member of the same fraternity.

As previously announced, Miss Maud Tamblyn was married to Walter W. Winans, '85, a late graduate of Drew, on Wednesday, October 17th, in the M. E. church of Hackettstown.

The wedding was a most unique and pretty affair. Long before the appointed hour, six o'clock, the main body of the church was nearly full. At quarter of six the Diokosophian Society, of which the bride is a member, filed slowly into the seats reserved for them. They made, in their pretty evening gowns, the brightest spot in the audience. But even they were eclipsed by the bridal procession, which moved down the aisle to the strains of Lohengrin's beautiful "Wedding March." The little flower girls headed the procession, separating at the altar to make room for the ushers, two of whom were the bride's brothers, Messrs. Egbert and Evan Tamblyn, members respectively of the classes '87 and '93, the four others being fellow students of the groom.

The bride who came in on her father's arm, was handsomely attired in white satin. She was attended by a maid of honor, Miss Helen Briggs, '93, also by two bridesmaids, Miss Eva Nunn, '96, and Miss Grace Darnell, '96.

The bridal party formed themselves at the altar in a star and crescent, the symbol of the groom's fraternity, Alpha Delta Phi. Green and white, the fraternity colors, prevailed.

After the ceremony, which was performed by Dr. Upham, of Drew, and Dr. Robinson, of Hackettstown, the guests returned to the home of the bride's parents, which was the scene of festivities during the evening, despite the absence of the happy couple, who left for New York at an early hour.

EXCHANGES.

The last number of the *Adelphian* is unusually fine. The articles are short and spicy, and the literary items are of special interest. We consider it one of our best exchanges.

Stories by English authors have been published this summer in what is called a geographical series. Several of the volumes are "France," "London," "Italy," "Africa," "Scotland," and the "Orient." So far, the stories in "Scotland" rank the highest, and are written by Stevenson, Scott, Barrie, Crockett and Maclaren.

"When the penniless lordling to get rich,
With his own nationality fails,
He crosses the ocean with heart light and
gay,
And robs the United States males."—*Ex.*

SPINNER:—"After all it is easy to make time fly."

PHILIP E.:—"Yes, only the other day I made a century run."—*Ex.*

A commission of New England college professors met in Boston last July to consider plans for having a uniform system of college examinations. Resolutions were adopted favoring the plan.

The "Academy Monthly" has a very interesting article in September number entitled "On the Yosemite Trails."

We copy and endorse the following from the Blair Hall Breeze:

We cannot but depreciate the spirit of sarcasm which seems to pervade the exchange departments

of some of our contemporaries. We reviewed a paper recently in which the entire department was filled with sarcasms on the delinquencies of its exchanges. While we believe criticism of the right sort to be beneficial both to the one who gives and the one who receives it, still we think it is much better to acquire the habit of seeking for the gold rather than for the dross.

"At any rate," murmured the philosopher, between the pains which pierced perambulated and permeated his vitals, "I shall have something to talk about when I get well."—*Boston Transcript.*

"The Chronicle," published by the H. P. H. S. Debating Club, Hartford, Conn., comes to our table for the first time this month. It is a bright, newsy and literary journal, excellent both in journalistic and mechanical work.

He told her he had lost his heart,
As he gazed in her lovely eyes,
But, alas! the cruel maid replied,
"Why don't you advertise?"—*Ex.*

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I go a-milking, kind sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"I don't walk with a stick, kind sir," she said.—*Ex.*

The Lafayette quotes from a most excellent and patriotic address by President Warner on the "Lawyer as a Public Man."

One of the greatest acrobatic feats the world has ever witnessed was performed when the West Goths invaded the Roman Empire with their arms in their hands.—*Ex.*

C. V. S. REA, 



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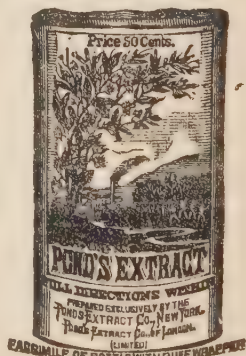
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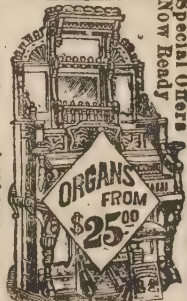
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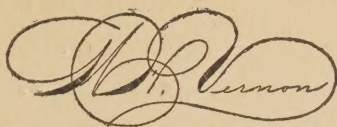
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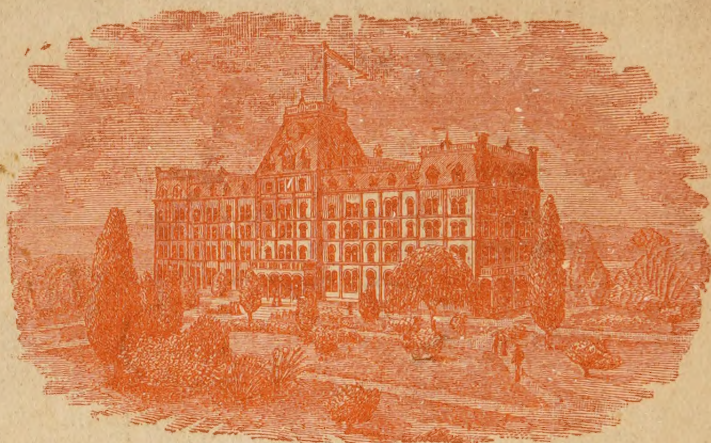
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